

No.  
242  
Oct.  
'83

# MAD

OUR PRICE  
**\$1.00**  
CHEAP

UNMASKS "THE RETURN OF THE JEDI" AND "THE A-TEAM"



CROSS SECTION OF MR. T'S  
MOHAWK HAIRCUT TODAY... AND AS  
A BABY



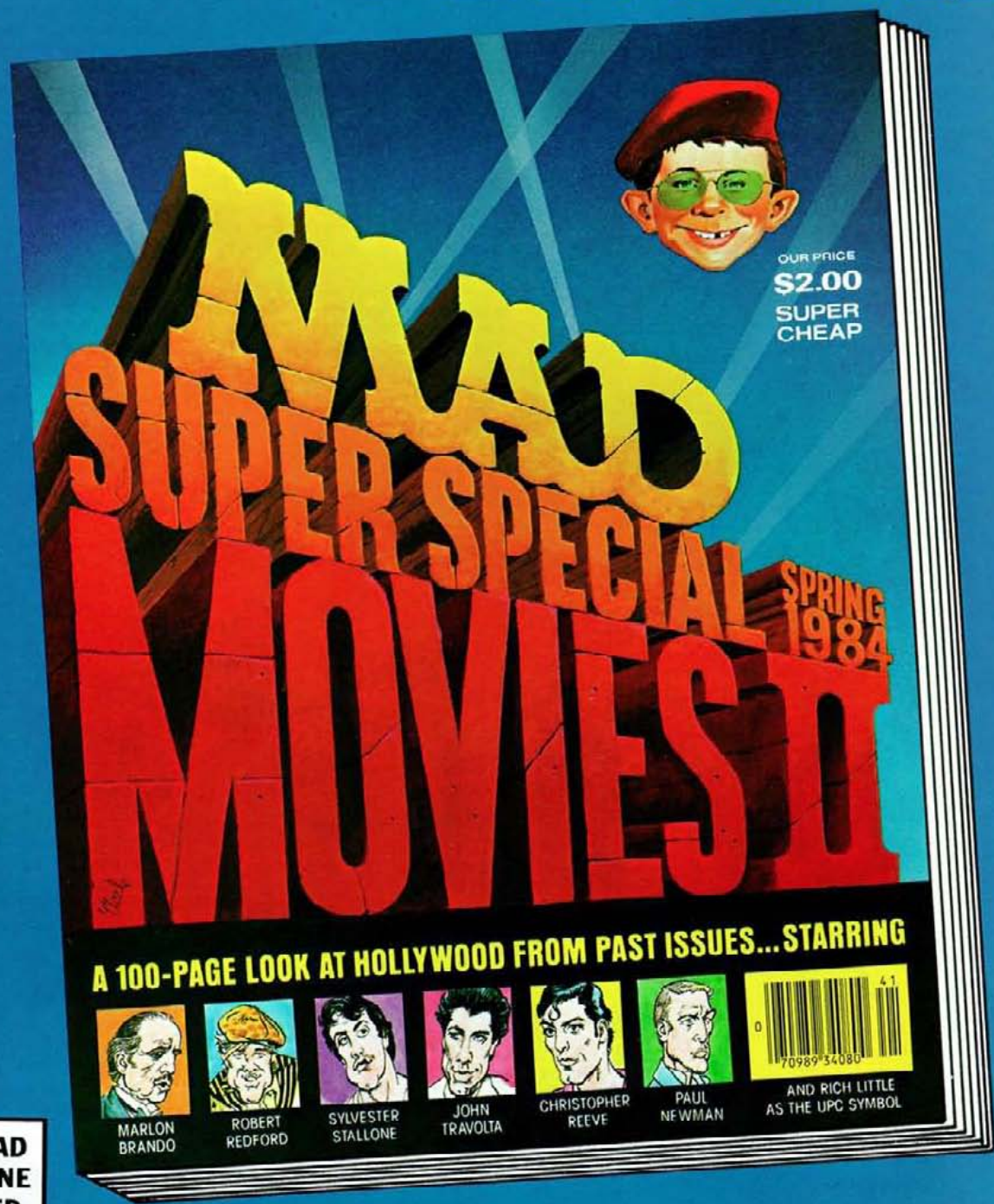
70989 33230

10



# NOW PLAYING

At a Newsstand Near You



THIS MAD  
MAGAZINE  
IS RATED  
E C C H

# TALK ABOUT POP CORN!

# MAD

"The trouble with doing nothing is you can't quit and rest!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES publisher ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN editor

LEONARD BRENNER art director TOM NOZKOWSKI production

NICK MEGLIN senior editor JOHN FICARRA associate editor

GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, M. C. GAINES subscriptions

JACK ALBERT lawsuits ANNE GRIFFITHS logistics

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS  
the usual gang of idiots

## DEPARTMENTS

<b>AD NAUSEA DEPARTMENT</b>	
An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe.....	36
<b>BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT</b>	
The Lighter Side Of .....	24
<b>DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT</b>	
One Fine Medieval Morning At Home .....	21
One Afternoon On A Remote Jungle Island .....	35
One Fine Evening During Prime Time .....	48
<b>DOUBTS ALL, FOLKS! DEPARTMENT</b>	
You're Never Really 100% Sure .....	14
<b>JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT</b>	
Spy Vs. Spy .....	29
<b>KNOCK VERSE DEPARTMENT</b>	
Poetic Tributes To People Who Wouldn't Ordinarily Get Them.....	32
<b>LETTERS DEPARTMENT</b>	
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail .....	2
<b>MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragones.....	**
<b>QUEASY DOES IT DEPARTMENT</b>	
The MAD Gross-Out Diet .....	40
<b>STRIP TEASE DEPARTMENT</b>	
MAD's Do-It-Yourself "Peanuts" Comic Strip .....	30
<b>"T" and "A" DEPARTMENT</b>	
"The "A" Team" (A MAD TV Show Satire) .....	42
<b>THE FARCE BE WITH YOU DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Star Bores—Re-Hash Of The Jeti" (A MAD Movie Satire) .....	4
<b>TRYING TO SLIP BIAS DEPARTMENT</b>	
How Different Publications Slant The News .....	22
<b>TWO-BIT OPERATOR DEPARTMENT</b>	
MAD's Video Game Arcade Owner Of The Year.....	17
<b>WHOOPEE! CAUTION DEPARTMENT</b>	
Warning Labels We Desperately Need .....	12

\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine

## VITAL FEATURES

"STAR BORES  
—RE-HASH OF  
THE JETI"  
(A MAD Movie  
Satire)  
Pg. 4



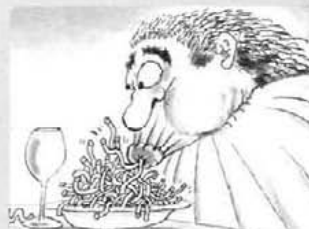
YOU'RE  
NEVER  
REALLY  
100%  
SURE...  
Pg. 14

MAD'S  
VIDEO GAME  
ARCADE  
OWNER  
OF THE YEAR  
Pg. 17



AN  
ADVERTISER  
WOULD  
HAVE US  
BELIEVE...  
Pg. 36

THE  
MAD  
GROSS  
-OUT  
DIET  
Pg. 40



"THE "A"  
TEAM"  
(A MAD  
TV Show  
Satire)  
Pg. 42

MAD (ISSN 0024 9219) is published monthly except February, May, August and November by E.C. Publications, Inc., 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 10 issues \$9.75. Outside U.S.A.: 10 issues \$11.25. Entire contents copyright © 1983 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.



## WHY KILL YOURSELF?



JUST BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE  
LAST ISSUES AT THE NEWSSTAND?

SUBSCRIBE TO

# MAD

AND HAVE IT MAILED TO YOUR HOME!

-----use coupon or duplicate-----

## MAD

485 MADison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

I enclose \$9.75\*. Enter my name on  
your subscription list, and mail me  
the next 10 issues of MAD Magazine.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

\*In Canada, \$11.25 in U.S. Funds, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn, on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside U.S.A. and Canada, \$11.25, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Allow 12 weeks for subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails, so CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

## NOT ONE LEFT!!

Sad, but true! Not even one of these full color portraits of MAD's "What-Me-Worry?" kid, Alfred E. Neuman—suitable for framing or for training puppies—left their piled-high shelf in our stockroom after last issue's clever ad! Maybe we'll move a few of 'em with this one! C'mon, gang! Mail 60¢ for one, \$1.25 for 3, \$2.55 for 9, \$5.15 for 27 or \$10.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022



## LETTERS DEPT.

### "TOOTSIE"

I would really like to know why you excluded Charles Durning from your "Tootsie Role" satire. He was definitely one of the funniest characters in the movie. I wonder if Larry Siegel and I both saw the same film?

Chris Manson  
Florence, AL

The reason Charles Durning did not appear in "Tootsie Role" is because he was busy on location filming a new movie when the MAD satire was drawn. As for whether or not you and Larry Siegel saw the same film, Larry says he was at the 6:15 showing and he doesn't remember seeing you there.—Ed.

### "GIMME A BREAK"

I happen to be a fan of "Gimme A Break." I don't appreciate your putting down this great comedy show. If you're gonna make fun of a show, make fun of "Leave It To Beaver" or something like that.

Dwayne Todd  
Dayton, Ohio

Why don't you give everybody a break!? Don't waste your paper and our money by making fun of exceedingly mind-eroding, moronic sit-coms that no one watches anyway! (No one, that is, except your "usual gang of idiots" who are beyond hope!)

Pat Cunningham  
Upchukonuee, FL

### RIPOFF!

MAD (Planet Of The Apes). What a ripoff! Tom Allnub  
Bethesda, MD

AIDS UPDATE: IS THE PANIC JUSTIFIED?

## DISCOVER

THE APE IN YOUR PAST

He is a Lot Closer  
Than You Think



Just A Coincidence???



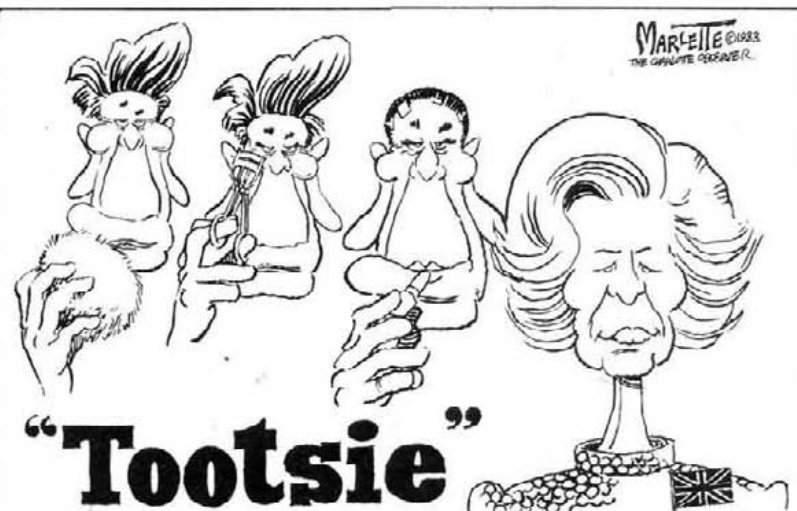
"Discover" is owned by Time Inc. (Remember the great Pac-Man cover scandal?) Need we say more?—Ed.

### RIPOFFS CONTINUED

Enclosed is a clipping from the June 15, 1983 edition of the San Diego Tribune. It looks a whole lot like the cover of MAD

#240 (On sale May 12th!)

Freda Phalan  
San Diego, CA





# MAD E.S.P.

I believe I have found out where CBS gets ideas for their shows. I quote the April 10-April 16 issue of Time Inc.'s new magazine "TV-Cable Week", page 4. "CBS, concerned about the show's sagging ratings, recently came up with a plan to reunite the couple for an hour-long episode next Christmas. In an update of 'A Christmas Carol', Archie would be visited by the ghosts of Christmas past, present and future, all played by Jean Stapleton, returning to her role as Edith." Hmmm. This sounds very much like the satire in MAD's January 1982 issue, "Starchie Bonker's Place" or "A Christmas Carol O'Connor". Either MAD E.S.P. has done it again, or the people who program such hits as "Tucker's Witch" and "Zorro and Son" are now so desperate that they're swiping from MAD!

Roy Kassinger  
Clark, NJ

## MORE MAD E.S.P.?

More MAD E.S.P.? In your satire, "Give Us A Break", you had Don Rickles appear at the end to trade barbs with Nell and to complain that he hasn't done much TV work lately. So what happens? No sooner do I put down my copy of MAD than I see Rickles making a guest appearance on the real "Gimme A Break" and then showing up on "The Tonight Show" to complain that he hadn't been on that show in over two years! Does this qualify as double MAD E.S.P.???

Vivienne Gold  
New York, NY

## OSBOURNE AGAIN

Ozzy Osbourne is a bat-biting, midge-throwing, goat-murdering, puppy-killer fungus face. It served him right when he got rabies from that bat. To keep Ozzy under control, why don't someone give him a chew toy or throw him some raw meat.

Crystal Reynolds  
Port Orchard, WA

The Osbourne Score Board this month: 53 pro Ozzy, 2 against. But, of course, very few bats and hung midges can write.—Ed.



Please Address All Correspondence To:  
MAD, Dept. 242, 485 MADison Avenue  
New York, New York 10022

Unsolicited Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope!

# LOOK...! DOWN IN THE SKY...!

# IT'S A BIRD BRAINED IDEA! IT'S A PLAIN AWFUL IDEA! IT'S STUPID, MAN!

## BUT WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT FROM MAD'S MILD-MANNERED MADDEST ARTIST?



On Sale Now At Your Favorite Bookstand, Or Yours By Mail

Use coupon or duplicate

# MAD

485 MADison Avenue  
New York, N.Y. 10022

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

PLEASE  
SEND ME:

☐ CAPTAIN  
KLUTZ II

ALSO PLEASE SEND ME THESE OTHER MAD  
PAPERBACK BOOKS I'VE CHECKED BELOW:

- ☐ The Dirty Old MAD
- ☐ Polyunsaturated MAD
- ☐ The Recycled MAD
- ☐ The Non Violent MAD
- ☐ The Rip-Off MAD
- ☐ The Token MAD
- ☐ The Pocket MAD
- ☐ The Invisible MAD
- ☐ Dr. Jekyll & Mr. MAD
- ☐ Steaming MAD
- ☐ MAD at You
- ☐ The Vintage MAD
- ☐ Hooked on MAD
- ☐ The Cuckoo MAD
- ☐ The Medicine MAD
- ☐ A MAD Scramble
- ☐ Swinging MAD
- ☐ MAD Overboard
- ☐ MAD Clowns Around
- ☐ The MAD Treasure Chest
- ☐ MAD Sucks
- ☐ SuperMAD
- ☐ Abominable Snow MAD
- ☐ MAD About The Buoy
- ☐ MAD for Kicks
- ☐ The Uncensored MAD
- ☐ Pumping MAD
- ☐ MAD Horses Around
- ☐ The Eggs-Rated MAD

- ☐ A MAD Carnival
- ☐ Explosive MAD
- ☐ MAD Barfs
- ☐ Eternally MAD
- ☐ MAD About Town
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ DON MARTIN's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DON MARTIN Cooks
- ☐ DON MARTIN Comes on Strong
- ☐ DON MARTIN Carries On
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Further Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Forges Ahead
- ☐ DON MARTIN Digs Deeper
- ☐ DON MARTIN Grinds Ahead
- ☐ ARAGONES "Viva MAD"
- ☐ ARAGONES MAD about MAD
- ☐ ARAGONES MAD-ly Yours
- ☐ ARAGONES in MAD We Trust
- ☐ ARAGONES MAD as the Devil
- ☐ ARAGONES Incurably MAD
- ☐ ARAGONES Shootin' MAD
- ☐ ARAGONES MAD Marginals
- ☐ ARAGONES MAD As a Hatter
- ☐ ARAGONES MAD Menagerie
- ☐ MAD for Better or Verse
- ☐ Sing Along With MAD

- ☐ MAD About Sports
- ☐ MAD Talking Stamps
- ☐ The MAD Jumble Book
- ☐ More MAD About Sports
- ☐ MAD Around the World
- ☐ MAD Goes Wild
- ☐ Get Stuffed With MAD
- ☐ MAD Jock Book
- ☐ MAD Word Power
- ☐ Politically MAD
- ☐ MAD Look at the Future
- ☐ MAD Book of Mysteries
- ☐ MAD Cradle to Grave Primer
- ☐ MAD Make Out Book
- ☐ MAD Clobbers the Classics
- ☐ MAD Book of Revenge
- ☐ MAD Guide to Careers
- ☐ MAD Survival Handbook
- ☐ MAD's Fast Living
- ☐ History Gone MAD
- ☐ The MAD Worry Book
- ☐ MAD Weirdo Watchers Guide
- ☐ MAD Stew
- ☐ The Sound of MAD
- ☐ EDWING Bizarre Bazaar
- ☐ EDWING Book of Almost Superheroes
- ☐ Clod's Letters to MAD
- ☐ PORGES How Not To Do It
- ☐ COKER MAD Pet Book

Allow 10 weeks for delivery  
Outside the U.S.A., add  
15% extra.

I ENCLOSE \$1.75 FOR EACH  
(Minimum Order: \$5.25)

We cannot be responsible for cash  
lost or stolen in the Mails. Check  
or Money Order Preferred!

THE FARCE BE WITH YOU DEPT.

Hi! I'm Princess Laidup! Note that I'm wearing less clothes in this movie than before! That's 'cause my Figure's improved! Unfortunately, my acting HASN'T!

I'm Ham Yoyo! And this is my good friend, Chewbacca!

Arg! Arg! Arrrgghh!

But it **does** make me **jealous** that he gets the best lines in the movie!!

Hello! I am Dart Zader! My big kick in life is to threaten and scare people! I got my training working for the I.R.S.!

I'm Landough! I'm proud to be in a movie that gives work to minorities! No, I'm not talking about Blacks! I'm talking about Ewoks, Chirpas, Jubbas and Freens!

I'm Cree-pio! I think I've had it after this movie... unless they want me as The Tin Man in a remake of "The Wizard of Oz"!!

I'm Lube Skystalker! In this movie, I find out who my Father is...!

And after this movie, I sure hope your **REAL** Father has a good business you can go into!!



I'm Bar-Stool! I've already had an offer that'll keep me busy 24 hours a day! I'm going to be a garbage can!

MARK TRICKER



# RE-HASH OF THE JETII

How nice to see you, Your Royal Highness! You're looking just wonderful! Have you been vacationing out in the sun?

Knock off the small talk! Work on this new Battle Star has not been going fast enough!

But we're already working 14 hours a day!!

Well, then... just double your efforts!

You mean, work 28 hours a day?!

Listen, I'm a sadist, not a mathematician!



This door-knocker makes a strange sound! It goes "Ouch!"

That's 'cause I'm not a door-knocker, Bronze Brain! You're rapping me in the eye!! What do you want??

We've come to see Chubby The Fatt! We have a holograph message for him!

Well, he's busy eating!!

Oh! Er... when will he be finished eating?!

Around JUNE!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

Greetings, Your Royal Fatness! I was going to send you a Telegram, but instead... so you can see me... I'm sending this Hologram!

Well... now that I've seen you, I would've preferred a Candy-gram!

I've come here to bargain for Ham Solo's life! But I didn't come here empty-handed! I have a SURPRISE GIFT for you! The TWO DROIDS that brought this message are the gift! The fact that they DON'T KNOW they're the gift is the surprise!

I won't give him up! I like looking at him there... frozen, unfeeling, lifeless... exactly the way he was BEFORE they carbonized him!

I'm here to free you, Ham Yoho! But I've got to admit... you're some remarkable man! Answer me one question! How... if you've been frozen for two and a half years... were you able to make "Raiders Of The Lost Ark" and "Bladerunner"??

Oh, wow! Morning breath is bad enough!! But after 900 MORNINGS... yecccc!!



Chewbacca?! Is it you? I still can't see, but the smell is unmistakable!!

Arg! Arg! Arrg!

Hey, I'm just as excited to see YOU, Chewbacca... but you don't see ME using YOUR leg as a fire hydrant!!

I've come here in person to take Capt. Yoyo and my other friends away! What do you say to that...?!

The trap door under your feet will open... and you will die!

Gee! And I thought all fat people were supposed to be jolly!!

Fighting this ugly monster is BAD ENOUGH!! But what makes it even worse is: He's not HOUSEBROKEN!!



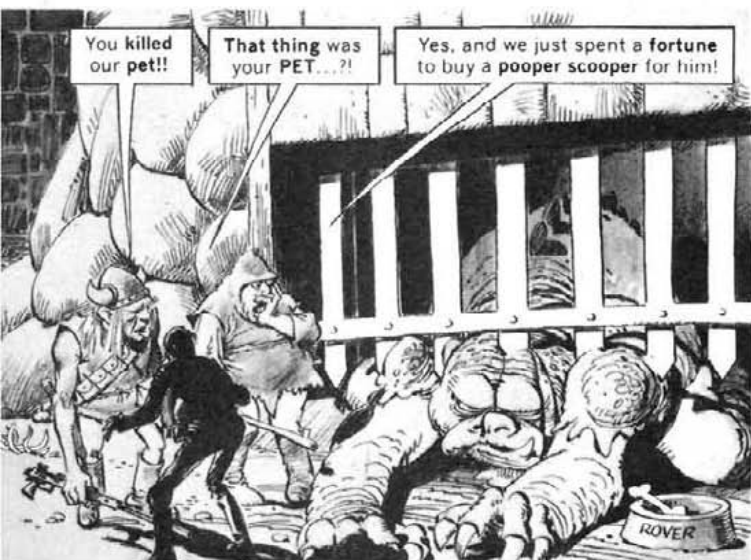
You killed our pet!!

That thing was your PET...?!

Yes, and we just spent a fortune to buy a poooper scooper for him!

For killing our Headquarters' mascot, you will all die! All except for the broad... who will wear a leash and be my "Playmate of the Month"! The rest of you will be taken to the Dune Sea, where you will be thrown into the Pit of the Gee-Spot, the resting place of Karnac! There you will stay in his stomach for one hundred years!

Wow! Just like when you eat a bagel!



What a desolate area this is....!

It may not look like much, but we are the galaxy's largest exporter of "beaches"!

Now, Chubby The Fatt hopes that you will all die bravely...but if anyone wishes, he or she may beg for mercy!

You tell that slimy pile of fly-strewn dung that none of my friends will beg for mercy! As for ME...you tell that loveable old Santa Claus that I'm...

Quick! Hand me my light saber....!!

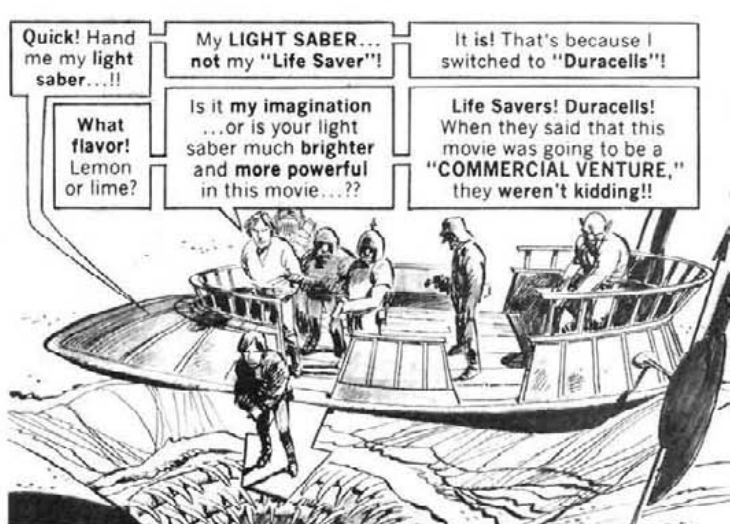
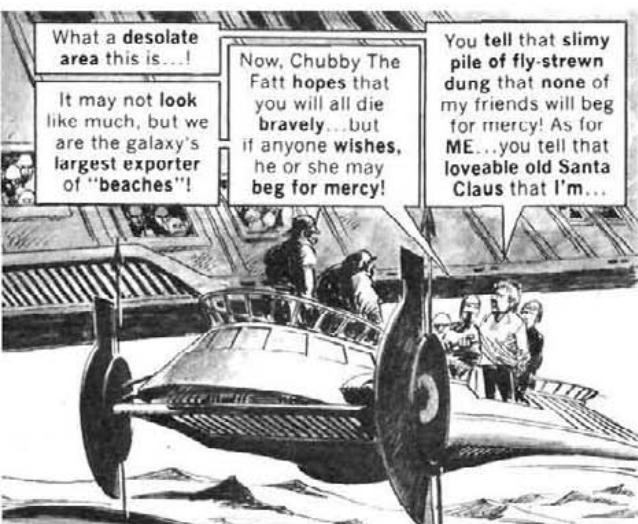
My LIGHT SABER... not my "Life Saver"!

It is! That's because I switched to "Duracells"!

What flavor! Lemon or lime?

Is it my imagination...or is your light saber much brighter and more powerful in this movie...??

Life Savers! Duracells! When they said that this movie was going to be a "COMMERCIAL VENTURE," they weren't kidding!!







Look...! Our desert monster is letting them get away!! What did they DO to it?!

They threw a case of "Preparation-H" into the hole...!

ANOTHER plug?! I'm amazed that someone hasn't called ME a tub of "JELLO" yet!

Strong I am with the Force, Lube, but rest me soon forever...!

Yodel, you seem to be talking a little backward!

What the hell want you, from a man who is years old 900?!? English perfect?!?



I've come back for the rest of my training!

Then I'm a Jetti Master?!

Finished is your training! Diploma I sent you! But perhaps lost it the Post Office!

No! Yet not! First... confront Dart Zader you must! Then, a date for the Jetti Graduation Prom you must get! THEN, all finished you will be!



Yodel, is Dart Zader my Father?

Let me this way put it! One of your Parents he is! And your Mother he's not!

Cough! Gag!! Also, dying I am!



Yodel died...and he just DIS-APPEARED!! What a great way to save on Funeral Expenses!!



I can't go on!!

Oldie Van Moldie! You didn't tell me the TRUTH about my Father...!

Yodel spoke of ANOTHER who is with the Force!

My SISTER?! You mean, LAIDUP?!?

My inner self...and also the fact that she's the only girl in all these "Star Bores" movies!

This is the perfect time to attack the Death Star! The weapon system is non-operational, the Emperor himself is aboard, and we haven't wrecked anything in almost seven minutes!

Yodel will be with you always!!

Okay!! So the Boogeyman DIDN'T take him away!! Remember, Lube, the last time you asked me about your Father, you were five years old!!

The other he spoke of is your Sister!!

Your inner self serves you well!

Now, what we'll use is the same top secret "Attack Plan" we used in the other "Star Bores" movies! Okay, audience... all together now!!

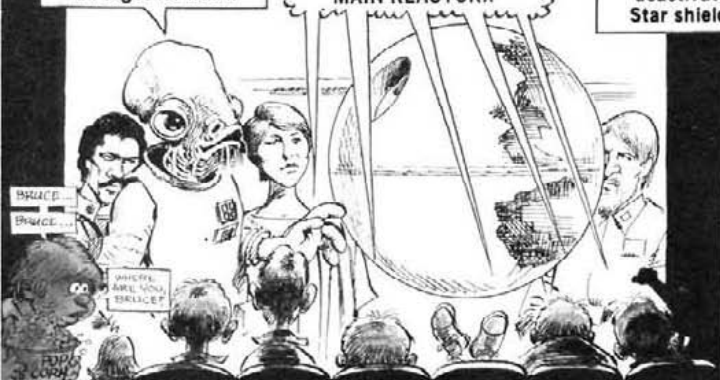
THE CRUISERS WILL CREATE A DIVERSION, WHILE THE FIGHTERS FLY DIRECTLY INTO THE POWER CENTER AND KNOCK OUT THE MAIN REACTOR!!

We've stolen this small imperial shuttle, and disguised it as a Taxi Cab! When they see our Off Duty sign, they'll let us land and we can deactivate the Death Star shield generator!

What is your cargo and your mission?

Our cargo is empty buckets! Our mission is to collect sap from the forest moon trees for the new Inter-Galactic House of Pancakes!

You are cleared! On your way back, bring us a stack of Buckwheats!



Wow! Look at this Trooper's Rider! Boy, it must go fast!!

How fast can it go!? It doesn't have any WHEELS!!

Oh-oh! They've spotted us! We'd better take a DEMONSTRATION RIDE!

One thing's sure! At least we won't have to worry about getting a flat tire!!

Let's make some fast maneuvers, and force them to crash into the trees!

That should STUMP them, but good!

This BARK is worse than its BITE!

I've heard of going back to my ROOTS, but this is really ridiculous!!

Oh-oh! I think I turned over a new leaf!

Looks like the OAK's on them!!

That's the first time in my life I've seen sap going INTO a tree!!



What cute little people! Who are you??

We're the "Earwaks"! We've come to save YOU— and all the DOLL MANUFACTURERS who've been stuck with Yodel and Dart Zader toys! We're the "new generation" of "Star Bores" merchandising!!

Here...! Would you like something to eat?? They're "Reese's Pieces"...the candy of outer space creatures!

They're going to have us for dinner!!

That's very friendly... considering we've just met them!

I think you're missing the point! But you'll get it when they put you on a spit before they cook you!!

Ungawah!! Somebody steal old "Tarzan" set for this scene!!







I'm using my Jeta powers to float Creepio over the crowd...!

They'll think he's a GOD...and let us go!!

Of course, if I REALLY knew how to use my powers fully, we would never have been in this jam in the first place!



I'm glad you're safe, Laidup! I've got news for you! I just discovered that Dart Zader is my Father, and you're my twin Sister, and Creepio is my twin Brother, and Chewbacco is my Dog, and Barstool is my old Hoover Vacuum Cleaner, and—



Gee, is this "Star Bores" ...or "All my Children"?!?

Now I must go and confront Dart Zader! He may seem all bad, but I firmly believe that in every bad, there's some good! And in every darkness, there's some light! And in every evil act, there's some regret—

...and in every long speech, there's some boredom! So GO!!



Hi, Dad!! Yes, I KNOW you're my Father! I've come to bring you back to the good side! I refuse to abandon you to the dark side—because I love you! And if it means losing my life, so be it!

That's some talk—coming from a Son who never phoned or dropped me a line in over ten light years!!



Welcome, Lube Skystalker! I've been expecting you! In time you will call me "Master"!

I'll probably call you a lot of things, but "Master" won't be one of them!!

If you think your friends will save you, you are mistaken! The battle is under way, and they're being soundly defeated! Look out that port and see for yourself! And if you want a closer view, put a quarter in the telescope!



Good! Good! The hate is swelling in you! Give in to your anger, Lube! Soon, you will do my bidding! Soon, you will be my servant...!!

No! NO! I will NEVER be your servant!

However...how about I make you some lunch??

...Or perhaps you'd like me to dust the furniture... or wax the floors... or brush your robe... or shine your shoes?

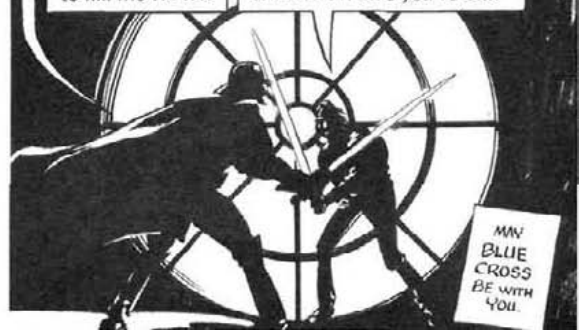


Come, Lube...fight for your life...!!

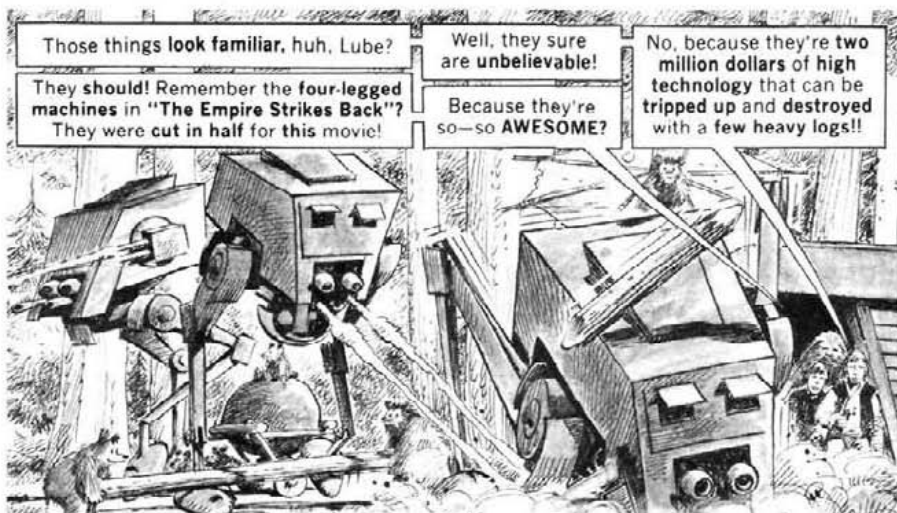
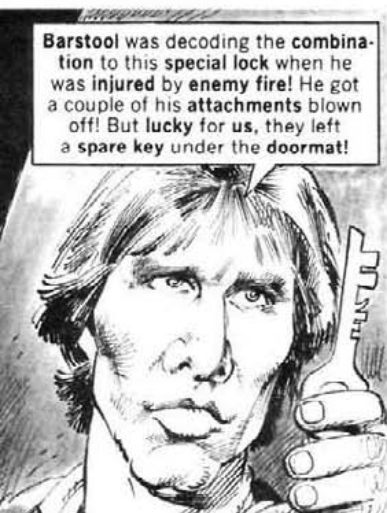
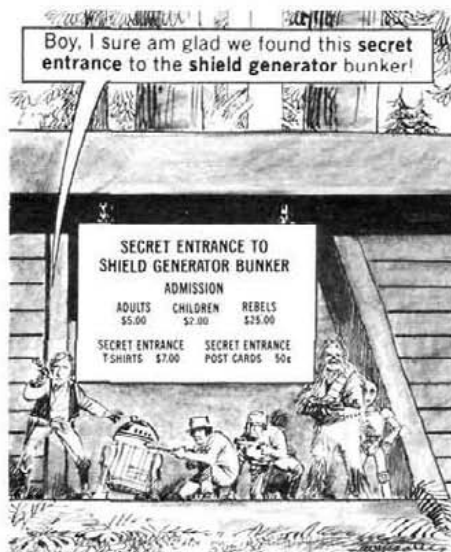
You didn't kill me the last time we battled! Why would you want to kill me NOW?!

Because last time, the good side of my evil side was the stronger side! But this time, the evil side of my good side is the much stronger side!

And now, it's really hard to tell WHICH side you're on!!



MM BLUE CROSS BE WITH YOU.







Hah! The Emperor thinks that this little band of rebels attempting to destroy his **Death Star** is nothing more than a "**Mickey Mouse Operation**"! Well, he's **WRONG**, isn't he, gang?!



Holy Cosmos! The **Death Star** is **FULLY OPERATIONAL**! How could they have gotten it ready on such short notice?!

Obviously, they used **NON-UNION** labor!



Thanks for helping me take my mask off, Lube!

No problem! I'm just —ulp— glad I got all my looks from **MOM's** side of the family!

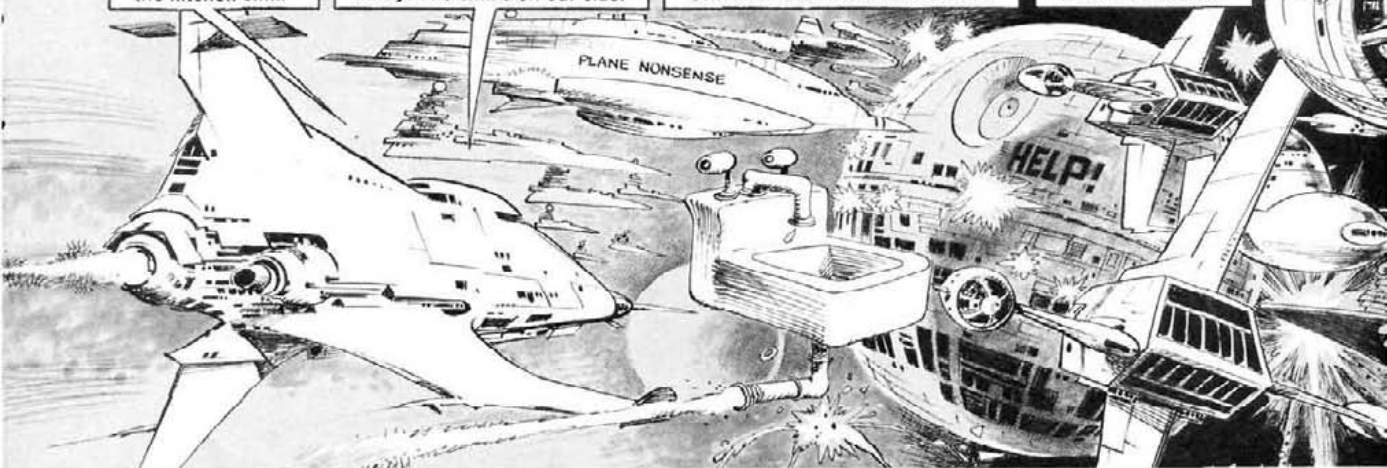


Wow! This battle's got everything but the kitchen sink!

Don't look now, Buddy... but you spoke too soon! Only don't worry! The sink's on our side!

It's just one more special effect...designed to send the Emperor's evil **Death Star** down the drain...

...along with all the cutesy dialogue in this movie...!!



There goes the **Death Star**! But where's Lube?

Don't worry! I'm sure he's safe! And when he comes back, I won't stand between you two!

Yoyo, you yo-yo! I love Lube as a Brother, because he **IS** my Brother!

Then, you and I can get married?

I'm not sure! I think you're my Uncle!!



Wasn't it lucky that Laidup and Yoyo were only **Second Cousins**...and could get married?!

Yeah, great! But what a strange wedding this is! I've never **USHERED** at a wedding where the guests were divided into **THREE** groups...

The **BRIDE's** side of the family... the **GROOM's** side of the family... and the **DEAD** side of the family!!



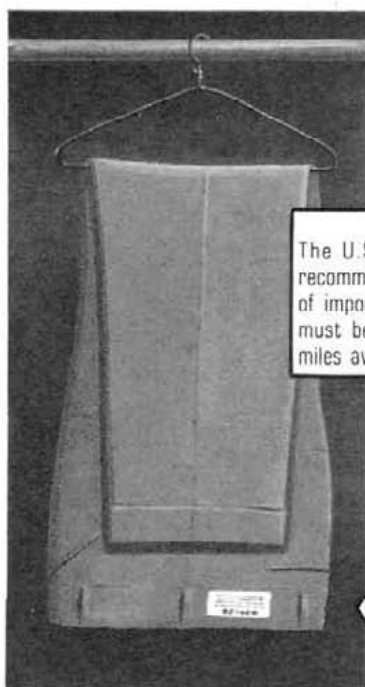
## WHOOPEE! CAUTION DEPT.

Recently, the government began requiring warning labels on certain products considered to be dangerous to our health, our wallets or our sensibilities. The first to appear were

those chilling notices on cigarette packs telling us that smoking can kill us. Since then, these labels have ranged from meaningless ("Warning! This medication contains bio-

# WARNING LABELS W

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE



### Be Advised!

The U.S. Postal Service is not recommended for the transmission of important correspondence that must be delivered more than five miles away in less than one week.



### NOTICE

These slacks have been cheaply sewn together in Taiwan, and should never be worn in any public place where having the seat of your pants split open might cause embarrassment.



### FATTIES BEWARE!

Each glob of this sauce contains enough calories to add three full pounds to some portion of your widening body where you least want it to settle.



### CAUTION!

Prospective puppy buyers should be aware that young dogs require training, which includes the blotting and picking up of disgusting stuff from your brand new carpets, and that grown dogs (which your puppy will hopefully be someday) require walking in all kinds of bad weather at least twice a day for their complete 12-to-15 year lifespan. So think it over.





sulfuric enzymes.") to ridiculous ("Note: The EPA mileage rating for this car is not what you can expect from normal driving.") Despite this flood of questionable labels, MAD

feels there are still many unregulated items that consumers should be cautioned about. Frankly, we won't consider ourselves protected until they pass laws requiring these

# E DESPERATELY NEED

WRITER: TOM KOCH



## WARNING!

*This package of Frozen Broccoli, when cooked, will not only taste awful but will also stink up your whole house much worse than expected.*



## TAKE HEED!

*This book contains much tamer sexy parts than the cover illustration would lead you to believe, and it certainly isn't lewd enough for the dedicated porno fancier who wants something really raunchy.*

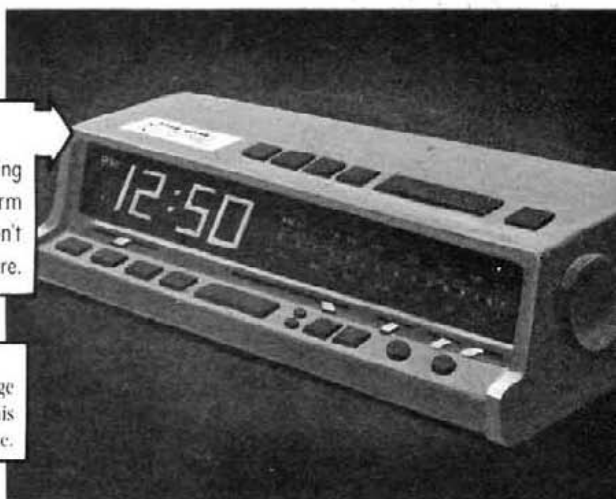


## TAKE CARE!

*You need a Master's Degree in Computer Engineering to fully understand all the buttons on this alarm clock to get it to function properly so you won't oversleep and lose your job and end up on welfare.*

## FINAL WARNING!

*Excessive boozing has been found to cause brain damage and liver rot. Therefore, if you plan to consume this product, the Surgeon General says to tell you goodbye.*



**DOUBTS ALL, FOLKS! DEPT.**

Ben Franklin once said, "There are two things in life that are certain: death and taxes!" Which may be true...but it got us to thinking about how many UN-

# A MAD GUIDE TO SOME OF LIFE'S ANNOYANCES YOU'RE NEVER RE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



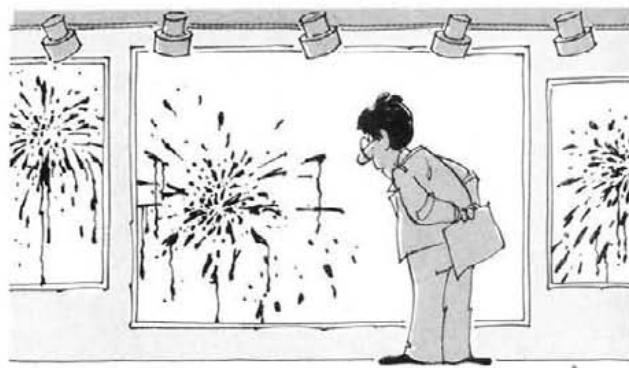
...that those anti-shoplifting sensors aren't slowly doing something horrible to your insides every time you walk through them!



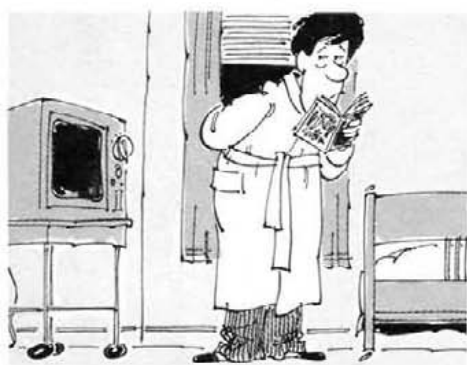
...what exactly is on a movie theater's floor that's making your feet stick to it!



...if it was absolutely necessary for you to go through six agonizing weeks of root canal work!



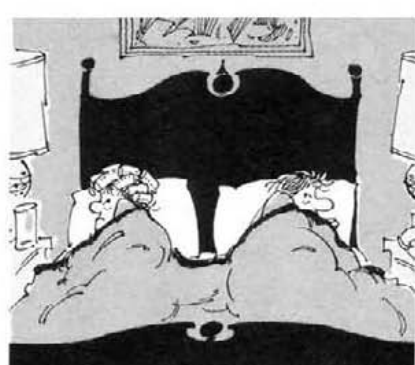
...if abstract art is a big intellectual put-on, or if you're just stupid, and missing the point!



...if your TV Guide has the correct guests listed for the "Tonight Show"!



...if your Union is killing you or saving you when it calls a strike!



...if the person you're married to hasn't cheated on you at least once!



certain things there are in life... things that we're never 100% sure about!  
And boy, are there plenty! Here is just a sampling...as we now bring you...

YING LITTLE UNCERTAINTIES...OR...

# ALLY 100% SURE...

WRITER: JOHN FICARRA



...if engineers took into account that 70,000 crazed fans might be stomping their feet simultaneously when they designed the football stadium you're in!



...who the New York Yankees manager is at any given moment!



...what every morsel on your Chinese dinner plate is exactly!



...if the person you meet in a bar means it when he or she says, "I'll call you!"



...if you dialed the right number when you call...and get no answer!



...if the electronic marvel you're buying today isn't going to be technically obsolete tomorrow!



...if that big, barking, ferocious-looking dog "just wants to play" like its owner says it does!

# YOU'RE NEVER REALLY 100% SURE...



...if the batteries in your flashlight will still be good when the time comes that you suddenly need it!



...that there isn't one small piece of Skylab still falling to Earth...with your name on it!



...what exactly is in that greenish Tupperware on the bottom back shelf of your refrigerator!



...whether it's your TV set or the TV Station's fault during those first seconds when your screen goes blank!



...if the salesman would have shaved another \$100 off the price of your car if only you'd held out just a bit longer!



...if a gas station pump is calibrated accurately...or it's a few pennies over a gallon!



...if an elevator is supposed to creak like it just did...or if the cable is about to snap!



...if it's actually impossible for the guy's toilet flush upstairs to somehow manage to come out your kitchen faucet!



TWO BIT OPERATOR DEPT.

Hi! I'm **Clint Westwood**, and I make a million bucks a picture! I used to think that was **easy money** until I discovered someone who **really** makes a fistful of dollars! So let's step into the *Milky Way Arcade* and meet Philo Starbuck...

# MAD'S VIDEO GAME ARCADE OWNER OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



HEY, Boss, I just checked out the new Galaga game we got today! It's PERFECT!

I was afraid of that! Put an "Out Of Order" sign on it, and we'll get it in working order after we close!

What will you do?

We'll loosen the controls, shorten the playing time, and have it conk out at 200,000!

And you call that "working order"....?

For MY purposes, you bet!

You know, it's really tough trying to talk in here! It's so noisy!

That's because we keep all the games turned up to peak volume!

But playing these games requires such concentration! Doesn't the noise distract the customers?

Let me think about that while I turn up the Rock music on the jukebox....!



See that guy there?

You mean the big hulk walking around swinging his elbows...?

He's the House Jostler! He gets paid to bump up against any player who makes a game last more than three minutes!



And if none of those work, I use SUZY, here!

Boy! It looks like SHE'd distract anyone!

Right! She just rubs up against the top players, and breathes in their ear! If SHE fails me, then I have to take the ULTIMATE ACTION!!

Which is—?

I pull the PLUG on the GAME!

Mr. Starbuck, pick up the phone! It's your Distributor!



Look! I don't want your lousy excuses! The machines that you sent me were NO GOOD! You have to replace them!

Were they damaged!

Much worse! The instructions were clear and concise! It took my workers HOURS to scrape and scratch them so at least they weren't LEGIBLE!



It seems that you don't want the customers to understand what they're playing! Is that ethical?

Look, kids love a CHALLENGE! Part of that challenge is mastering the game rules! I'm merely adding a new dimension!

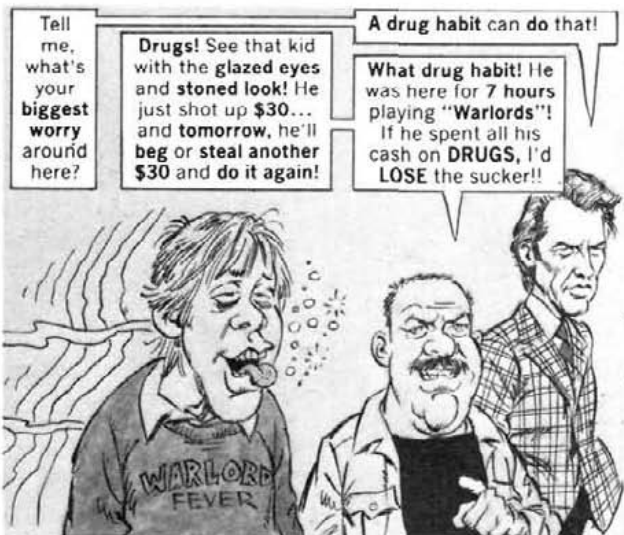
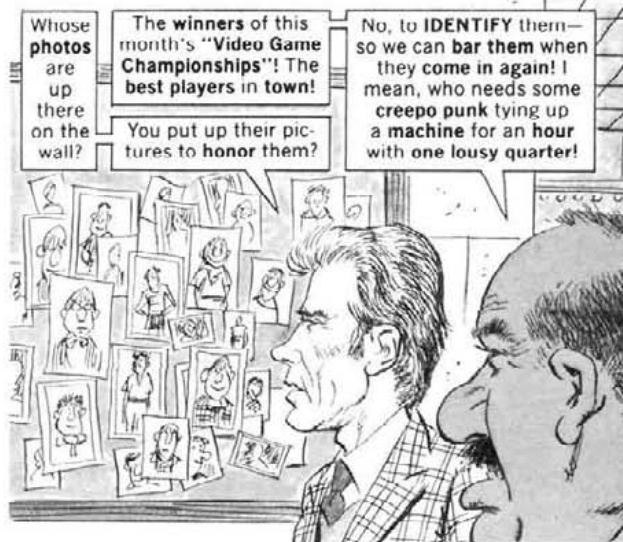
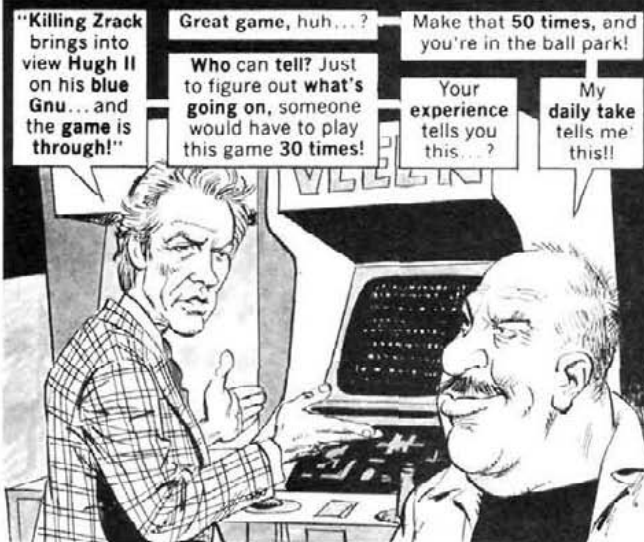


Now here's a game with rules I can live with, called Vleen!

Let's see: "Protect Vleen from mean Fleen Queen by unleashing green Gleens. 5 million Pleens on your Bleen Screen turns the Fleens into red Kreds, unless they've fled or are fed dead Smeds, in which case you must activate your Flack Stack to smack Zrack whose crack pack will attack the black Yak...."







You let **BROADS** in here, and before you know it, there's **mingling!** And you know what **obscene things** THAT could lead to?

Uh—you mean like **SEX?**

**Worse!!** Guys would be taking them to **movies** or **ice cream parlors** or **pizza joints...** instead of **spending** their money **HERE!!!**

Is this arcade part of a giant conglomerate?

Oh, no, Clint! Why, this is strictly a **FAMILY BUSINESS!**

And does your family work here with you?

**Sure!** Big Louie is my cashier! Sam the Shiv cleans up! And Don Tortolone **HIMSELF** comes in after closing to count the day's take!



Are you saying this place is run by the **MAFIA???**

Excuse me a second!

Hey, Angelo! Uncrate those hot **Defender** machines that just came in from **Jersey!**

And tell Vito to lean on that kid running up the big score on **Frogger!**

Now... you were asking??

Uh... forget it!!



I understand the **IRS** is cracking down on **Video Game Arcade** owners who cheat on taxes by **falsifying** income!

Clint, let me assure you I declare **every dollar** I take in!!

The way kids shell out those quarters, that could amount to quite a lot!!

I didn't say anything about declaring every **QUARTER** I take in!



Tell me, how long has your **Video Arcade** been operating?

We opened our doors on the morning of **May 7, 1980!**

And when did you start showing a **PROFIT??**

Right after **LUNCH!**



I understand that **school authorities** are upset because kids **CUT CLASSES** to play your video games!

They're jealous, Clint! **Schools** teach **THEORIES!** I prepare kids for the **REALITIES OF LIFE** here!

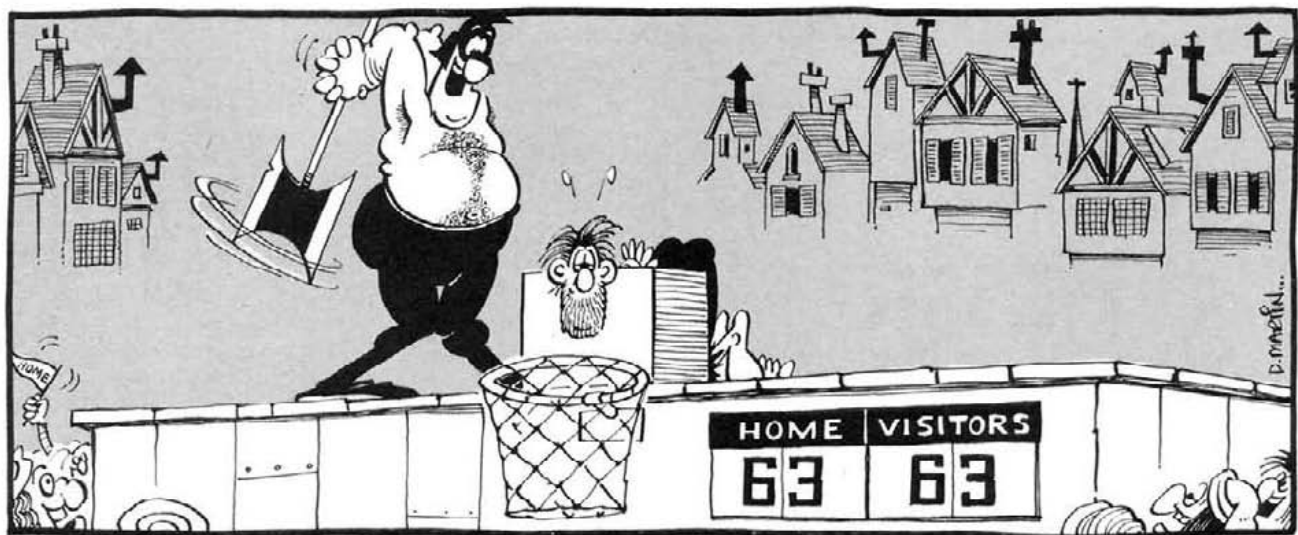
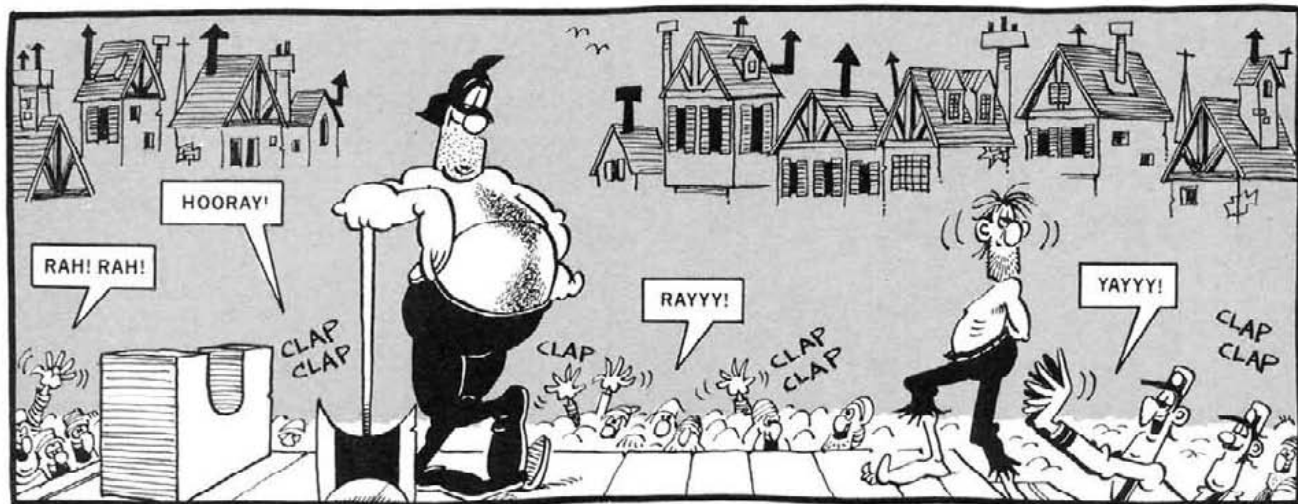
From all I've seen, you're nothing more than a **conniving hustler** who's piling up **huge profits** while **fleeing** an unsuspecting public!!

Like I said—I prepare kids for the **REALITIES** of life!!

This is **Clint Westwood**, returning you to **MAD Magazine!**



# ONE FINE MEDIEVAL MORNING AT HOME





This article is directed at the few people left who actually read newspapers! Be on your guard! It's a well-known fact that newspapers tend to slant the news toward their own editorial leanings. If you don't believe us, just take a look at these past headline stories which provide...

# A SHORT HISTORY SHOWING HOW DIFFERENT PUBLICATIONS SLANT THE NEWS



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: PAUL LAIKIN

## IRISH FREE PRESS

DUBLIN, IRELAND

SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1960

### GOD SAVES SENATOR KENNEDY AS CATHOLIC GIRL DROWNS

*RELIGIOUS PAIR BELIEVED TO BE  
EN ROUTE TO MIDNIGHT MASS*

Ted Prays For Nine Hours Before Leaving Scene



Accident Blamed On Faulty Bridge Built By Italian

ALL THE NEWS  
WE SEE FIT  
TO PRINT

## PRAYDA

RED  
STAR  
FINAL

MOSCOW, USSR ENGLISH TRANSLATION EDITION FEBRUARY 23, 1980

### RUSSIAN HOCKEY TEAM ALLOWS U.S. TEAM TO WIN IN OLYMPIC GAMES

CLEVER PLOY USED TO MAKE THEM  
FORGET INVASION OF AFGHANISTAN

Sacrifice Necessary To Ease Political Tension With West



"Now They'll Send Us Wheat," Says Premier Brezhnev

SELLING  
POWER  
TO THE  
PEOPLE

## CON EDISON NEWSLETTER

LET  
THERE  
BE  
LIGHT

NEW YORK CITY

NOVEMBER 10, 1965

**CUSTOMERS CAUSE MASSIVE  
BLACKOUT BY DELIBERATE  
ABUSE OF ELECTRIC OUTLETS**  
ENTIRE EASTERN SECTION OF COUNTRY  
DARKENED BY MALICIOUS CUSTOMERS  
80 Million People In Conspiracy To Ruin Company



Company Plans To Bring Damage Suit Against Populace

## CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Stockholder's Bulletin # 86

December 20, 1979

### CHRYSLER CORP. MAKES U.S. GOV'T. A PARTNER IN ITS OPERATION

OTHER EXPANSION PLANS INCLUDE  
HIRING FRANK SINATRA AS SALESMAN  
Company Contemplating Merger With Soviet Union



Rumor Denied That The "Iacocca" Is Chrysler's "Edsel"

NEWS  
ABOUT  
"THE  
CLUB"

## The WASHINGTON, D.C. CONGRESSIONAL Recorder

MARCH 14, 1981

FOR  
YOUR  
"AYES"  
ONLY

### FBI AGENTS DRESSED AS ARAB SHEIKS CORRUPT U.S. CONGRESSMEN

HONEST POLITICIANS HOODWINKED  
BY DEVIANT GOVERNMENT AGENCY  
Video Tapes Reveal Illegal Bureau Activities



Senator Harrison Williams Demands Full Investigation

## National ENQUIRER

SPECIAL  
LIBEL  
CASE  
ISSUE

ALL THE NEWS UNFIT TO PRINT

MARCH 27, 1981

### ENQUIRER PAYS \$1,600,000 TO CAROL BURNETT IN HUGE PLANNED PUBLICITY STUNT SALES SOAR DURING TWO-WEEK TRIAL

"A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR SUCH NATIONAL  
EXPOSURE!" SAYS OUR CHIEF ACCOUNTANT



Plans Underway To Smear Johnny Carson Next

## CLOTHES



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

# THE LIGHTE

## RECORDS





## DENTISTS



# R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:  
DAVE BERG

## SEX



## FOOD



## LOVE



## SOAP OPERAS



## BRAGGING



## DATING



## ANNOYANCES

Sally's boyfriend would beat the hell out of me!!



Why do you keep scratching yourself?

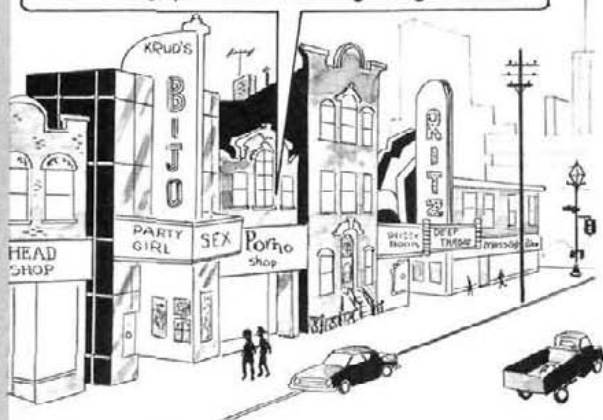


Because nobody ELSE knows where I ITCH!!



## BLOCK-BUSTING

What a street this is! Just look at it! It's got two porno movie theaters, four adult book stores, three head shops, five massage parlors and a thriving red light district!!



Now... suddenly... along comes these "Do-Gooders" who are planning to open a Store Front Church...!



Oh, no...!!

There goes the neighborhood!



## GREETING CARDS

Gee, I don't know! I could call home and ask my Mom!!



Ronald sent me the sweetest card for my birthday!



What did it say?

"Hallmark"!





## GRAFFITI

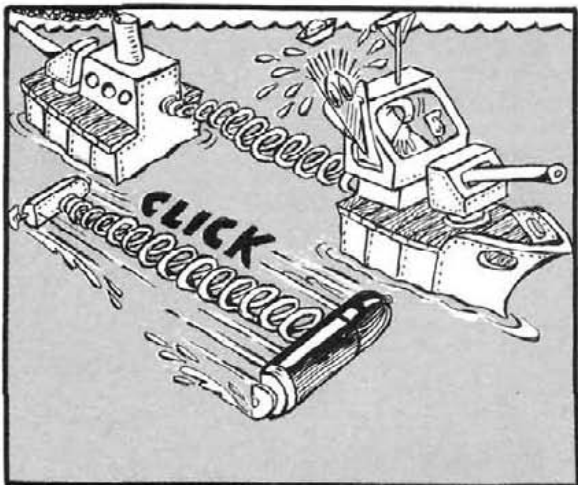
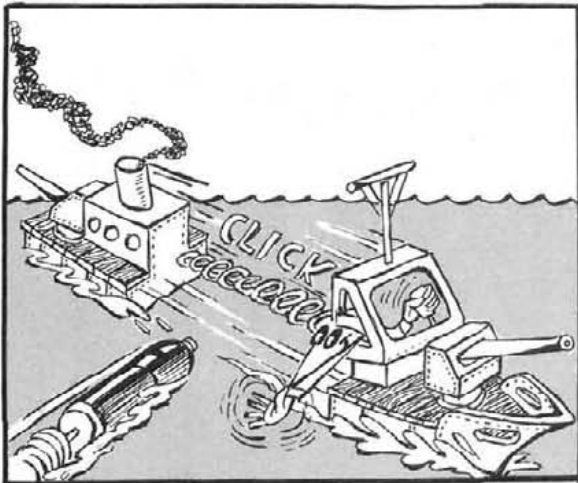
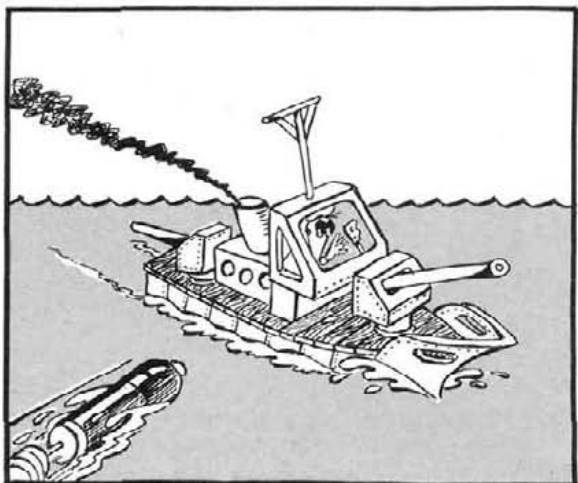
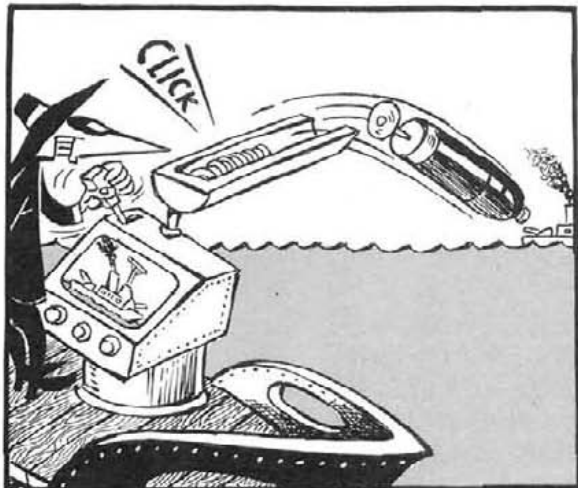
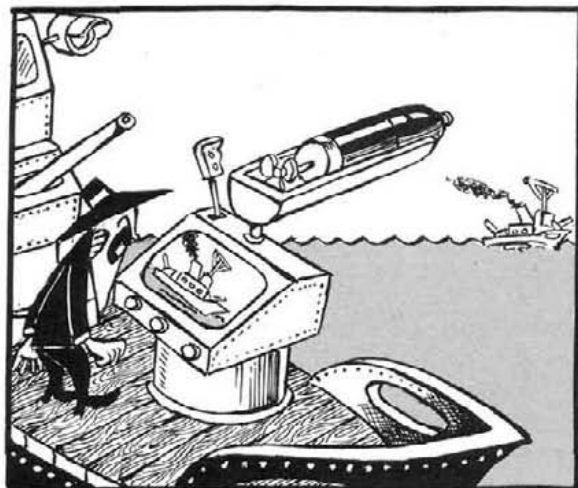


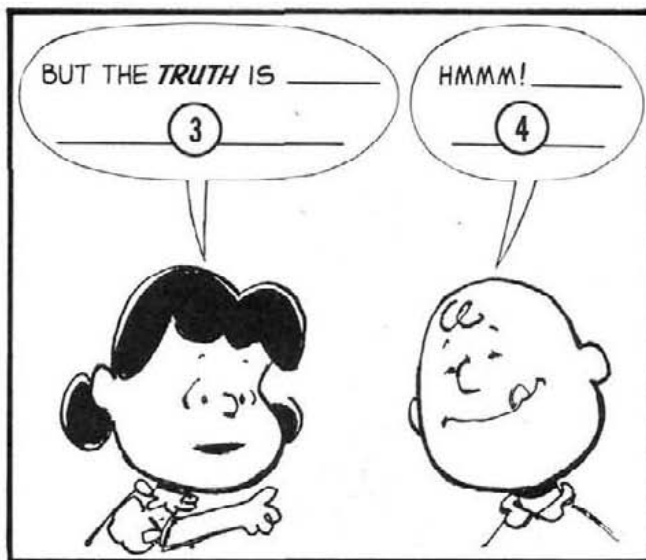
## MONEY



## PETS







#### STRIP TEASE DEPT.

In past issues, MAD has presented All-Inclusive, Do-It Yourself versions of Newspaper Stories, Songs, Comedy Routines, etc. Now, for all you "Peanuts" fans who have fun reading the strip, here is your chance to have fun writing it. (Hey, Charlie Schulz! If you want to take a vacation, feel free to take advantage of this clever article!) Simply fill in the numbered balloons from the corresponding numbered lists, and you'll be creating...

# MAD'S ALL-INCLUSIVE DO-IT-YOURSELF PEANUTS COMIC STRIP

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

1

YOU'RE  
A **BORN LOSER!**

YOUR **HEAD** COULD  
DOUBLE AS A **SOFTBALL!**

EVERYONE  
**ABUSES** YOU!

YOU GIVE  
LIVING A **BAD NAME!**

YOU'VE GOT A **PIN-**  
CUSHION FOR A **BRAIN!**

YOU'RE THE  
JOKE OF THE **NEIGHBORHOOD!**

5

IN YOUR  
HONOR!

TO PAY **TRIBUTE** TO  
YOUR **LEADERSHIP!**

ON YOUR  
**BIRTHDAY!**

SO THE **GANG** CAN  
SHOW YOU HOW WE **FEEL!**

TO KICK OFF "**CELEBRATE**  
**CHARLIE BROWN WEEK!**"

YOU'LL **REMEMBER** THE  
REST OF YOUR **LIFE!**



SO I'VE PLANNED A **PARTY**

5

GOLLY

6

WELL, **ACTUALLY**,

7

I THINK

8

2  
TELL ME ALL  
ABOUT IT!

AT **LEAST** I'M  
FAMOUS FOR **SOMETHING**!

COMING FROM YOU,  
THAT'S **PRAISE**!

I **LOVE IT** WHEN  
YOU **SWEET-TALK**!

IT TOOK YOU **25 YEARS**  
TO FIND **THAT** OUT?

DO YOU KEEP THIS  
UP FOR **FOUR PANELS**?

3  
NOBODY **RECOGNIZES**  
YOUR **FINER QUALITIES**!

YOU'RE **ADMIRED** BY  
YOUR **FRIENDS** AND **TEAMMATES**!

YOU **DESERVE**  
**MUCH BETTER TREATMENT**!

WITHOUT **YOU**,  
I WOULD BE **NOTHING**!

YOUR **HEART** IS  
AS **BIG** AS **ALL OUTDOORS**!

YOU'RE **KIND**  
AND **DECENT** AND **LOYAL**!

4  
I **MUST BE**  
IN THE **WRONG STRIP**!

**WHY** ISN'T SHE  
SUCKING UP TO **SCHROEDER**?

I **WISH** I WERE **BRIGHT**  
**ENOUGH** TO KNOW WHAT SHE'S **UP TO**?

**NOBODY'S**  
EVER **THIS** NICE TO ME!

I'VE GOT A **FEELING**  
THIS IS GOING TO **COST** ME!

I **THINK** I LIKED IT  
**BETTER** WHEN SHE **DESPISED** ME!

6  
A-A  
**PARTY FOR ME**!?

YOU MEAN YOU'RE  
**NOT SETTING ME UP**?

YOU'VE  
**SURE CHANGED**!

IT'LL BE **GREAT**  
GETTING SOME **RESPECT**!

I'LL **SURE ENJOY**  
BEING WITH MY **FRIENDS**!

HOW CAN  
I EVER **THANK** YOU?

7  
YOU'RE  
**NOT INVITED**!

IT'S ON THE  
DAY YOU'RE **OUT OF TOWN**!

THE  
PARTY WAS **YESTERDAY**!

YOU'LL BE  
THE **ONLY ONE THERE**!

I WAS **TESTING** TO  
SEE HOW **GULLIBLE** YOU ARE!

I'M **TELLING**  
EVERYONE IT'S FOR **LINUS**!

8  
I'LL  
**KILL MYSELF**!

**MAYBE**  
I SHOULD **RETIRE**!

I'LL GO HOME  
AND **BEAT UP SNOOPY**!

I **NEED**  
**DEEP THERAPY**!

I'LL PUT A  
**CONTRACT** OUT ON HER!

I'LL TRY  
REPLACING **ANDY CAPP**!

Back in the old days, Poets wrote poems glorifying lowly people, like Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" and Kipling's "Gunga Din." Well, there aren't any Longfellows around today, but there are a lot of folks working in lowly occupations. MAD feels that it's time these people were saluted in rhyme, which is why we now offer these

# POETRY TO PEOPLE WHO

## *To A Mugger*

When you were just a lad of six,  
You found a kid could get his kicks  
By pounding on his little baby brother;  
Before you knew it, you were ten  
And showed you had a future when  
You snatched a purse belonging to your mother.



The years flew by—in high-school, you  
Discovered joys you never knew;  
At seventeen you flourished as a punk there;  
And after class, out on the street,  
Your day would never be complete  
Until you'd smacked and rolled some local drunk there.



'Twas then you found you had it made  
As through the night you plied your trade,  
Attacking passersby who were defenseless;  
What fun it was to take their cash,  
To punch and club, to kick and slash,  
Then leave them on the pavement lying senseless.



Today, not even middle age  
Can dim the glory of your rage;  
You haven't met the man who can control you;  
Although for now you take it slow,  
You'll mug again because you know  
In 1995 they will parole you.



ARTIST: HARRY NORTH WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

# IC TRIBUTES

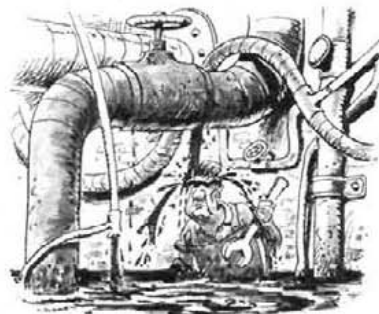
## WOULDN'T ORDINARILY GET THEM

### To A Plumber

Your face has not been sculptured  
In marble or in bronze;  
You know that men receive no praise  
Unplugging stopped-up johns.



You're never in the columns;  
You're never in the news;  
The only thing you're ever in  
Is icky, smelly ooze.



You'll never be a leader  
And rule the world with power;  
Who needs it when you charge a rate  
Of fifty bucks an hour?



### To A Garbage Man



At early dawn he makes his rounds  
To pick up bones and coffee grounds;  
He drives a bulging truck that creaks  
And fills it up with stuff that reeks;



He wrecks our sleep, disturbs our peace,  
Leaves trails of egg-shells,  
lard and grease,

While littering our front-yard grass  
With apple cores and broken glass,  
And then befouls our flower-bed  
With rotting meat and moldy bread!



He is a man of pride, you see,  
Who wants respect from you and me,  
And that is why we call him here  
A Sanitation Engineer!

### To A Parking Attendant

A boundless freedom fills your heart  
With all that you can muster;  
What does it matter that you smashed  
The fender of that Duster?



A carefree youth, that's what you are;  
No love of life looms larger;  
So what if parking that Peugeot  
You backed into a Charger?



You're not hung up by rules and such;  
Your world's a joy to be in;  
Who cares if that Chevette you crunched  
While backing a Capri in?



So live it up in days to come;  
Enjoy each future labor;  
That is, if you recover from  
Your wrecking that Le Sabre.





### To A Mover

Behold the mighty moving man  
Who's loading up his giant van;  
He prides himself on being strong and agile;  
With great concern he carries out  
Our precious goods, and we've no doubt  
He'll handle gently boxes we've marked "Fragile."

With loving care he sets down crates  
Of vases, lamps and costly plates;  
We don't freak out—there's never any cause to;  
However, we should make it clear  
If you believe what's written here,  
You probably believe in Santa Claus, too.



### To A Loan-Shark

When money's scarce and we're refused  
by banks all over town,  
We turn to you because we know  
you will not let us down;  
You gladly give us what we need  
so we can pay our rent,  
And only charge an int'rest rate  
of thirty-five per-cent.



And should we, by some careless whim,  
your warnings fail to heed,  
And somehow miss a payment on  
the date which we've agreed,  
Why, who's to say you shouldn't get  
upset from such delays,  
And break an arm or leg to show  
the folly of our ways?

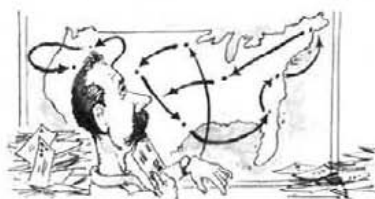


We fully understand your need  
to clout and punch and maim,  
And yet we know you'll stop in time  
for murder's not your game;  
You'd never kill your fellow man  
because, within your trade,  
Unless a client's left alive,  
you never will get paid.

### To a Postal Clerk



Let's now salute the postal clerk,  
A man who does a hard day's work;  
Amid great mounds of mail he stands  
And sorts it with his own two hands;  
He empties letters from their sacks,  
Then piles them into tidy stacks,  
In which they sit five days and then  
Are dumped back in their sacks again;



He spots a letter from L.A.  
Addressed to folks in Santa Fe;  
He holds it out till two o'clock,  
Then speeds it on to Little Rock;  
A parcel meant for Denver he  
Now sends to Washington, D.C.,  
Dispatched upon an east-bound plane  
By way of Kennebunkport, Maine,  
Along with letters by the score  
For Denver via Baltimore;



Small wonder as he ends his day,  
He beams with pride, as if to say,  
"It's good I've got this job to do;  
"If not, the mail  
would not go through."

### To An Accountant



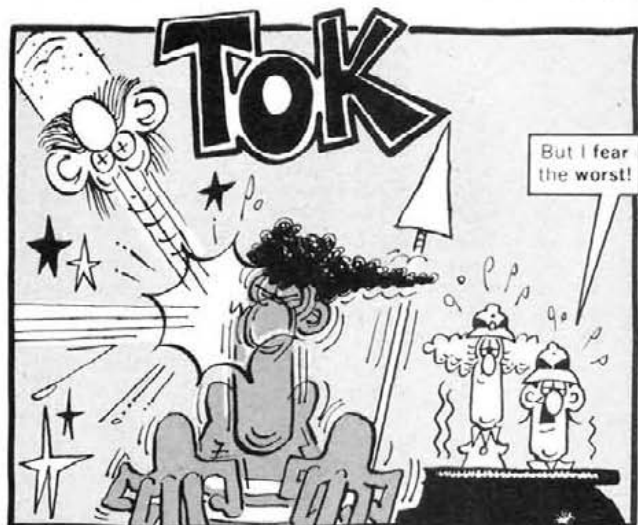
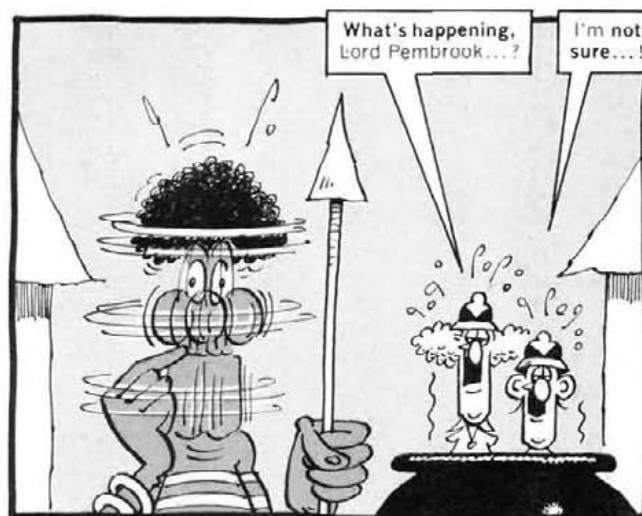
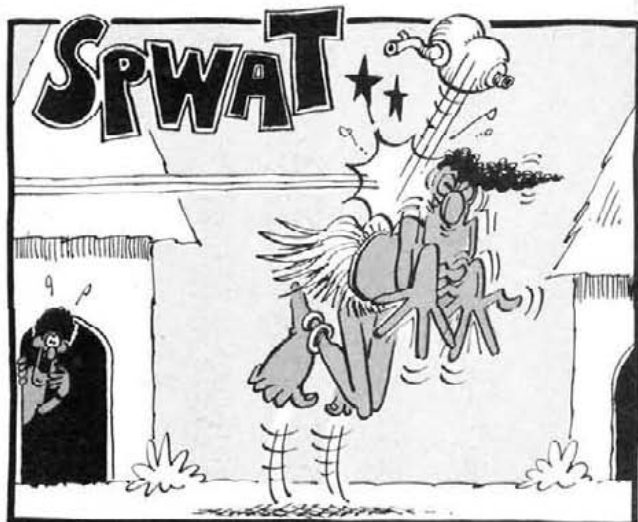
Forever he's regaling folks  
and thinks they'll be impressed  
With stories of withholding tax,  
deductions and the rest;  
He rattles off accounting tales  
and other deadly stuff—  
And now we'll end this verse because  
we've bored you long enough.

### To A Forgotten Government Official



A man can be a Congressman  
And run a big committee;  
A man can be a Governor  
Or Mayor of a city;  
A man can be a diplomat  
And put on fancy airs;  
But when a man's Vice President,  
Let's face it—no one cares.

# ONE AFTERNOON ON A REMOTE JUNGLE ISLAND



MAD has often denounced advertising as a deliberate insult to our intelligence. We've never quite believed that future happiness depended upon using a razor

that cuts whiskers off below the skin line, or that friends would turn on us if the fish we were cooking smelled like fish cooking. So the ads that preached

# AN ADVERTISER WOULD

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

## An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that guests will soon be rushing into our homes, flinging open our kitchen cabinets and subjecting us to humiliation if our glassware has a few water spots.

## An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that if we lose our possessions in a hostile country, our chances of survival will depend upon what brand of travelers' checks we were carrying.

## An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that a slick, big city announcer becomes more trustworthy when he puts on a grocer's apron, and speaks with a New England twang.

## An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that no matter how totally our home is destroyed, the phone will still work to call our Insurance Agent...but only if we've had the good sense to pick the right Agent.



these doctrines struck us as dumb. But from the Ad-Man's point of view, our limited vision is not his fault. If only we'd see life as he wants us to see

it, then every TV commercial would make sense. It's just a matter of dropping our sales resistance (and our sanity) to accept the following points that...



# LD HAVE US BELIEVE...

WRITER: TOM KOCH

## An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the Post Office Department's fast service "Express Mail" is a bargain at \$9.35, even though it's the very same thing that used to be called "Special Delivery" and cost 30c.

## An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that veterinarians actually recommend a cat food that is composed of 10% fish heads, 10% chicken guts and 80% water.

## An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that we would expect to pay "\$200... \$300...even \$400" for the polyester suit that's now being offered to us for \$79.95.

## An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that it will sell no wine before its time, so we should be happy and grateful that it just became time to sell all ten million bottles they've got stored in their warehouses. 37

**An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...**



...that acquiring a 36-inch bust, a 22-inch waist, wavy blonde hair and perfect bone structure all depends upon choosing the right low-calorie diet cola.

**An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...**



...that we can get a neighbor to spend his whole weekend doing free labor for us if we'll just reward him with his favorite beer when he's finished.

**An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...**



...that the preservation of our American Way depends upon re-electing some idiot to Congress who hasn't done anything for us in twelve years.

**An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...**



...that our kids will beg to spend the whole evening brushing their teeth if only we'll buy them the good-tasting toothpaste with the red stripe down each glob.

**An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...**



...that its stockbrokers apparently work for the sheer fun of it, since they could all easily become rich and retire just by following their own investment advice.

**An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...**



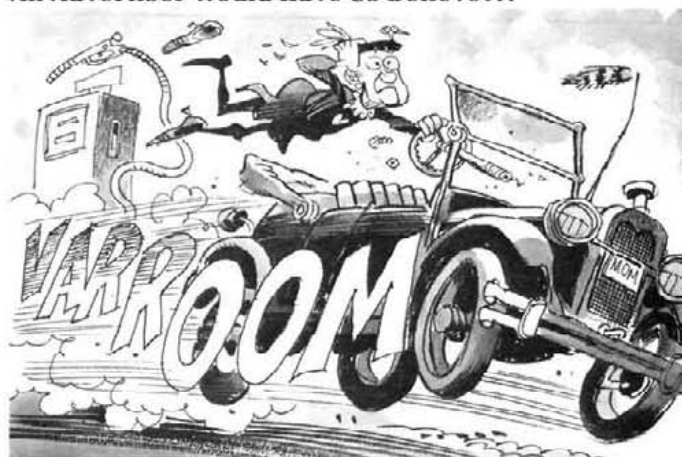
...that anxiety neurosis can be cured without expensive psychiatry, merely by switching to its brand of decaffeinated coffee for a few weeks.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the Army is very finicky about the enlistees it accepts because of all the high-skill job training and free travel it gives to the lucky ones who get in.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that its brand of 87-octane gasoline will make our car run like new even though every other brand of 87-octane gasoline makes it sputter and wheeze.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that we can easily combat 10% inflation by putting our money in a savings bank that pays us 5 3/4% interest and gives us a free toaster.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that serious Mother-Daughter talks consist of spreading the word that liberated women no longer must accept static electricity in their laundry as a burden of life.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that the exorbitant amount of money we're paying for gasoline is being used to finance the search for new oil that will someday enable the company to lower its prices.

An Advertiser Would Have Us Believe...



...that no one taking a "Comparison Taste Test" among cola drinks ever concluded that they all seem pretty much alike after all. 39



QUEASY DOES IT DEPT.

# LOSE WEIGHT (MAINLY BECAUSE THE MAD GRO



*Invite a toothless derelict home for dinner.*



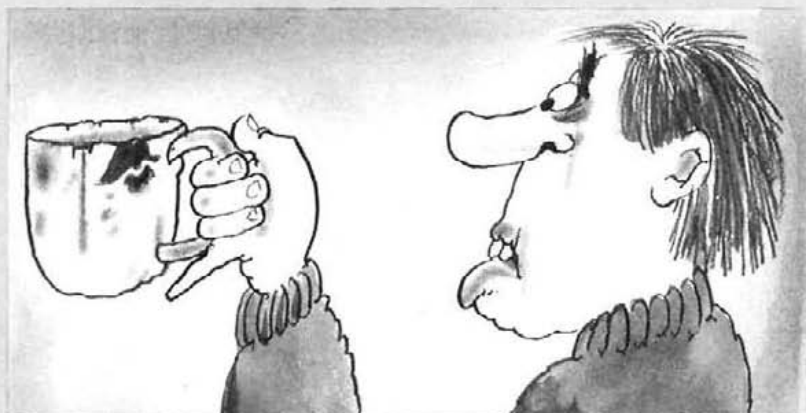
*Snack on things that attract flies.*



*Have your pet hound kiss you right after he eats, just before you eat.*



*Have your meal while baby-sitting an undiapered infant.*



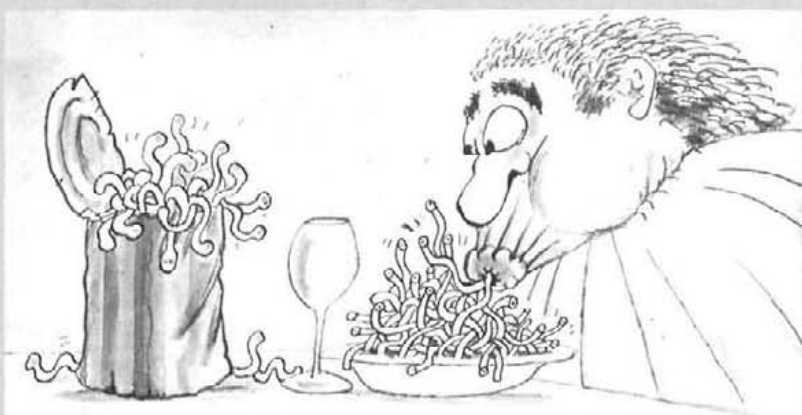
*Use plates and cups with thumbprints and lipstick marks.*

# YOU LOSE YOUR APPETITE) WITH... LOSS-OUT DIET

WRITER AND ARTIST: PAUL PETER PORGES



**Leave your refrigerator unplugged during those hot spells in August.**



**Use live bait as the centerpiece when serving spaghetti.**



**Dine with someone who has halitosis or dandruff or acne.**



**Listen to a detailed account of an operation.**



**Eat something that's still alive.**

Do you need a group of highly-paid skilled professionals who can operate within and around the law to accomplish dangerous specialized assignments? Then hire

# THE \*A

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

\*ASININE\*

Ten years ago, 4 members of a crack commando unit were sent to prison by a Military Court... for a crime they didn't commit!

But then, the 4 promptly escaped from a maximum security stockade!

Today, the 4 are still fugitives... hunted by the Authorities...

Where did he get that outfit?! From the "Sammy Davis Ready-To-Wear Catalogue"?

Doesn't he realize that he looks like a goofy Punk Rock schmuck with that dopey haircut... and a flaming Fag-got with all that tacky jewelry?!

Oh? What were they accused of...?

Assault with deadly weapons! Mainly, their personalities!

Are you kidding?! Those clowns look like they couldn't escape from an on-coming glacier!!

Do you believe that ANYONE who wants to hire them can find them, but the Authorities CAN'T?!

Sure! But then, I ALSO believe a Black dude like him would hang around WASP turkeys like them!!

YOU tell him!

MAXIMUM SECURITY STOCKADE

PEPSI GROCERY

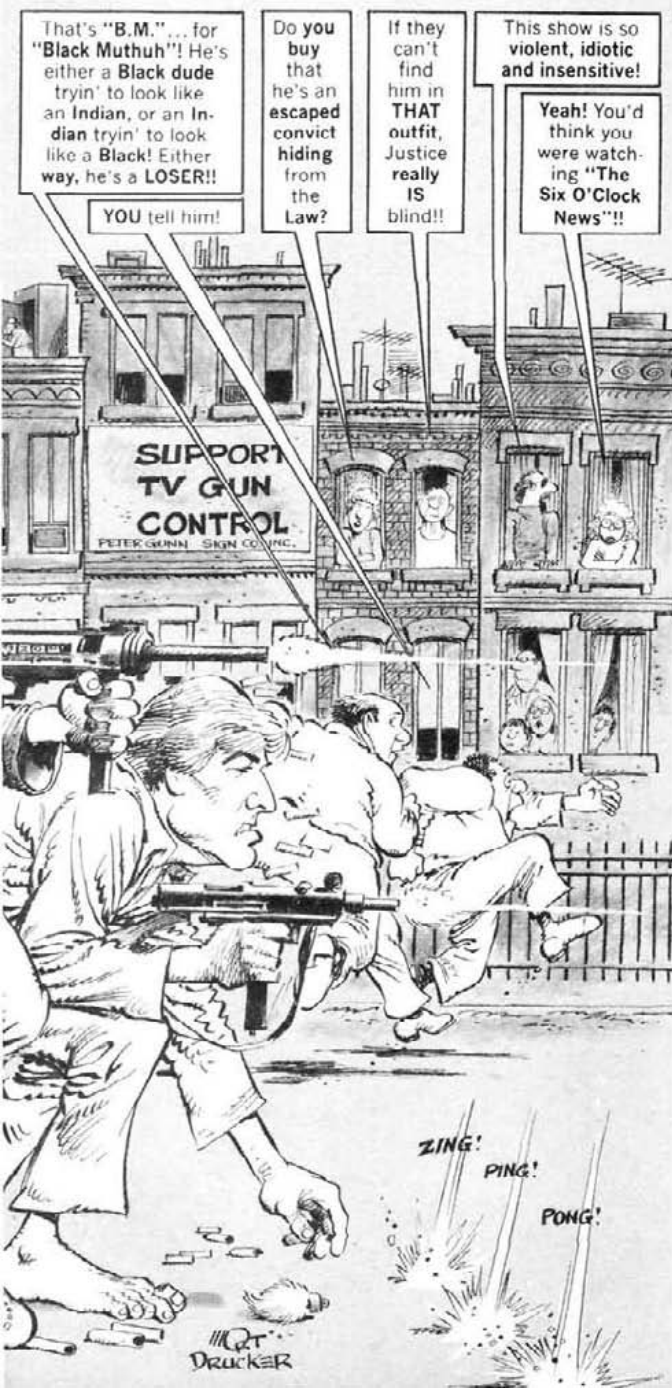
BRAT TAT TAT TAT



the old "Mission Impossible" team! But if you want a group of bumbling misfit mercenaries whose only advantage is: they always forget to get paid, then try

# \* TEAM

WRITER: STAN HART



DRUCKER

And two... if you out-line the plot **FAST ENOUGH**, no one will realize that it doesn't make sense!

A group of terrorists have occupied a nuclear power plant! Unless we agree to free their leader from prison, they will blow up the plant and release massive amounts of deadly radiation!

That's really great!

Are you crazy?! WHAT's great?!

You outlined the plot in only **TWO** sentences!

You'll have to work fast! You don't have much time!!

**Right!** Only sixty minutes, not counting commercials, station breaks, network promos, local ads, news capsules and the coming attractions for next week's show! All in all, that leaves us with about forty minutes, tops!



Now, about the **FEE** for The "A" Team?

We'll talk about that later! Did you notify the Nuclear Regulatory Agency? They've got an emergency, red alert, catastrophe hot line!

I know...! Unfortunately, it's an **UNLISTED NUMBER!**



We don't want a word of this to get out, or there'll be panic in the streets, understand? Our mission is hush-hush... strictly top secret!



Check...!!



Right...!!



Gotcha...!!



After you hang up, I'll eat the phone so nobody can trace the call!!



I rented the 'copter like you asked, but I'm kinda puzzled! How come, if you're wanted by the U.S. Government, you pick a VA Hospital to hide out in?!

Because the U.S. Government bureaucracy is so fouled up, they've got no idea who's here and who's not! Next to the U.S. Post Office, it's the best place to lose something!

Hey, how many times can that psycho escape?

Figure once a week for 26 weeks... 39 if you count re-runs!

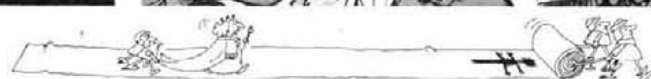


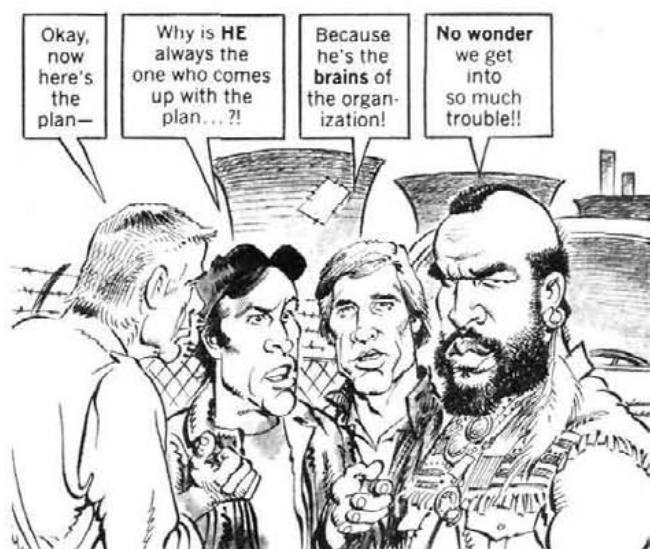
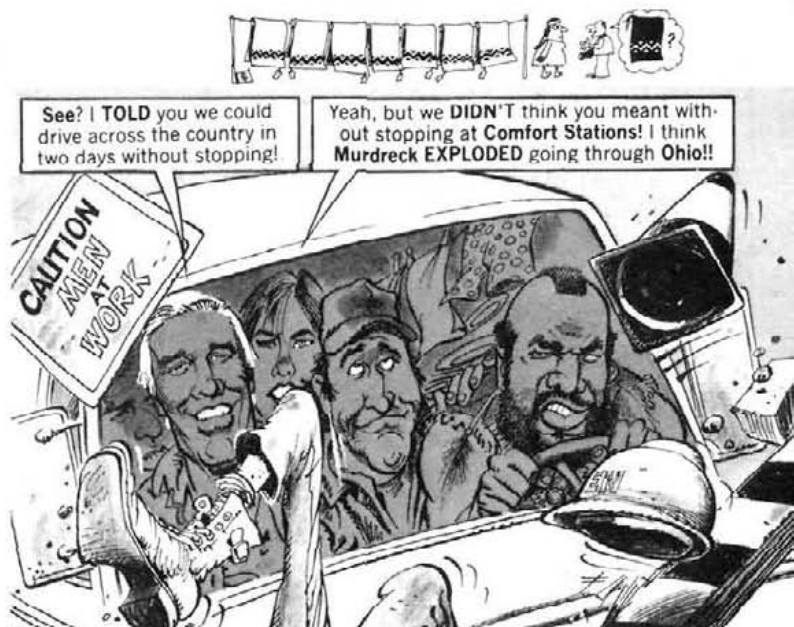
B.M., would you check the brakes... the tire pressure... wipe the windshield... and gas up the van?



**Hold it!!** Listen, B.M. doesn't do dirty work! You want the N.A.A.C.P. and Jesse Jackson down on this show... protesting the exploitation of a member of the Black minority?!

That's right, Ms. Whitebread! This show is "The "A" Team" ... not "ROOTS"!







I don't think you're gonna get away with that disguise, Handball...!!

That's HANNIBULL!



I can't take much more of this...!

You mean so much violence?

No... so much NOISE! The sounds of our punches are INCREDIBLE!!

He's right!! One more fist fight, and we'll all wind up with permanent hearing loss!!



The only connection between the plant's Control Area and the outside world is this radioactive dump! All we have to do is swim up the disposal conduit pipe, and we're there!

But it's so dark in there! How are we gonna see?

Hmmmm! I've got it!! We'll take along one of the kids who live around here! I'm sure that... by now... they glow in the dark!



We're with the organization! We got a message for the Chief!!

HE don't look like no Brother to ME!!

You calling me a liar?! Because if you ARE, I just might decide to have your face for breakfast!!

Uh... Well... in THAT case, welcome Brothers!



I thought you had them convinced, B.M.!

I DID... until you told 'em you were in the Beverly Hills Unit... operating out of Gucci's!!



We're in real trouble now, Hannibulge!

That's HANNIBULL!!

And besides your ignorance, you know what else strikes me odd?? That, week after week, you're no more help to me than an ordinary person half your size would be!!

Oh, yeah?! Well, try an episode WITHOUT me... and let's just see who'll watch it, Pretty Boy!!





Y'know... there's something I can never figure out! How come the lighting is always so blindingly bright in all weekly Sitcoms and Adventure shows, no matter whether it's an interior or an exterior ... day or night shot?!

Ahh, who cares?! Listen, I've got a plan that I'm sure will work!

Okay... but only if it's zany, idiotic and completely impossible in real life!! Is it... ?!?

Does a cabbie pick his NOSE waiting for the light to change?!

Gee, that's a pretty dangerous mission!! How come you made HER do it... ?!?

Since we can't use B.M. for dirty jobs, the woman is the only member of an exploited group we've got!



Okay, gang! Here comes our usual violent, climatic shootout... along with our weekly big surprise!

What surprise??

That with all these explosions, crashes and gunfire, no one ever gets killed on this show!!



Thanks for not only doing a great job, but also for demonstrating that people with below-average intelligence can also serve their country! Now, as for the money we owe you for this mission...

Forget it...!!

FORGET IT... ?!?

There you go AGAIN!! How we gonna pay for renting that 'copter, the transportation we used, the ammunition we burned, the living expenses we incurred, the private property we destroyed... ?!

We'll ALWAYS be fugitives on the lam!!

From the Government!!

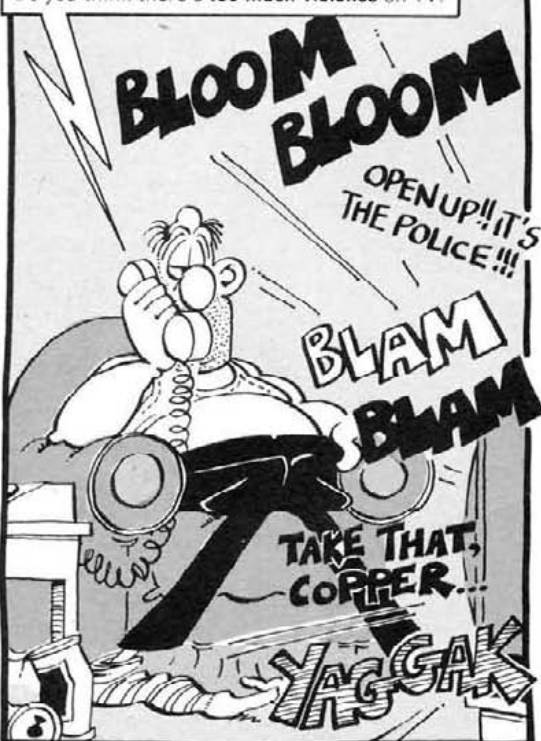
No... from all the Collection Agencies that are after us to pay the enormous BILLS we keep running up on these idiotic missions!



# ONE FINE EVENING DURING PRIME TIME



Good evening! This is your Television Survey!  
Do you think there's too much violence on TV?



I dunno! I never watch TV!!





# WHAT IS CHANGING AMERICA'S DRINKING HABITS?

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

America's drinking habits are constantly changing. What we drink, where we drink and how we drink depends on many varied factors. To find out what has caused the latest big change in our drinking habits, fold in this page as shown at the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A)

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B) FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

**MOST STUDIES OF DRINKING HABITS HAVE  
CONTAINED MISINFORMATION. HERE, WE HAVE ELIMINATED  
THE NONSENSE. ONCE WE START TO DRINK,  
WE'VE GOT TO PAY THE PRICE—SOONER OR LATER!**

A)

B)



# ONE-ON-ONE NIGHT IN THE LABORATORY

